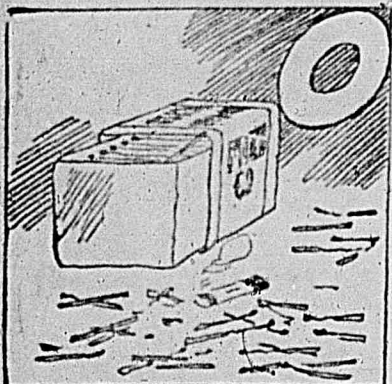


The World.

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MATCHES.



NE match machine can make 177,926,400 matches in one day, or two matches apiece for every man, woman and child in the United States. Besides making the matches, the machine puts them in boxes and labels them.

Were matches used sparingly this one machine should be enough to make all the matches for the United States, considering that there are millions of children who

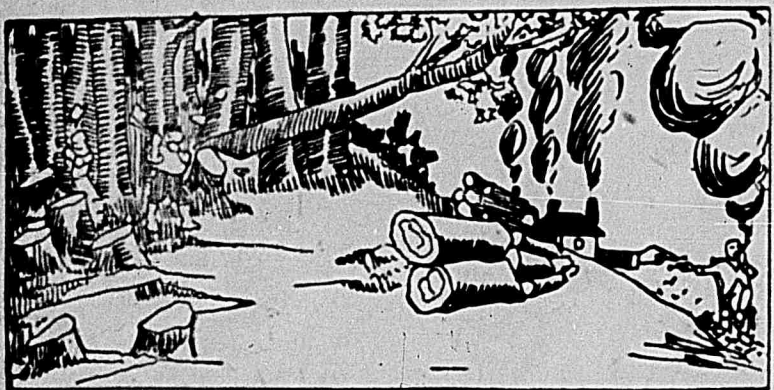
do not use matches at all and hundreds of thousands of kitchen and furnace fires which are kept going constantly.

But so lightly are matches regarded that it takes 700,000,000,000 matches to supply the people of the United States every year.

These matches consume more than two billion feet of timber.

The demand of wood for matches is one of the great causes of the depletion of the forests. Only the best soft wood without knots and sap streaks and with even grain can be used. The unsuitable part of the log is three-fourths of the whole.

A match is a little thing, but there is more timber cut for matches than for all the buildings in the city of New York.



If everybody used matches equally, every man, woman and child would have to burn twenty-five to thirty matches a day to dispose of the enormous production of the match factories. It is hard to account for this consumption in any other way than to connect it with tobacco smoke. Every cigar store has a lighter, yet the majority of the purchasers will strike a match and take with every purchase one of the little boxes of matches which it has now become the custom of almost all cigar stores to give free.

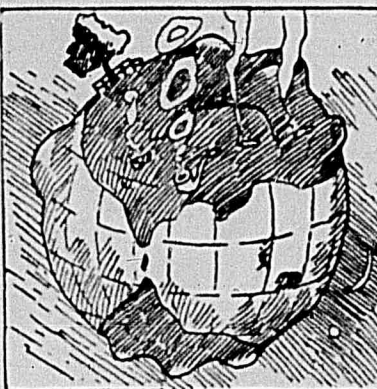
The little paper match cards which are so popular with tobaccoists contain twenty matches. The use of two of them a day by every smoker would tend to make up for the children's failure to keep up to the average consumption.

It might be thought that the use of electric lights would diminish the consumption of matches, but a smoker cannot get a light from an electric bulb as he can from a kerosene lamp or gas jet, and the increased number of matches used to ignite tobacco more than counterbalances the saving of matches in turning on electric lights.

The American Forestry Association is addressing arguments to the public to be economical in the use of matches in order to help preserve the forest.

It does seem a remarkable state of affairs that such a petty waste as using a new match for every cigar should be an important feature in the forest situation of the United States and in the changes of climate in many parts of the country. Thus the cigarette habit added to the drought of last summer which cut down the corn crop and increased the cost of fattening steers and hogs.

So intertwined are all the industrial interests of the United States that a waste or an economy in any one of them affects the others.



Letters from the People.

For Heavy Vehicles.

The people of New York City can be protected from accidents on heavy vehicles, which occur on bridges and hilly streets. The driver and the horse can also be protected. At present there is a law in certain foreign cities providing that every heavy vehicle must have a brake. This law is a good one to avoid accidents. I consider brakes a real necessity on trucks, wagons and other heavy vehicles. In case the driver loses control of the horse he can stop the truck by the brakes. In descending a hilly street, where the driver cannot stop his truck, while people are crossing roadways, he can use his brakes, and the truck is stopped immediately. Let drivers discuss this.

S. B. KLEIN.

Verdi or Wagner?

To the Editor of The Evening World:
 Will musical readers answer this: Which was the greater opera writer, Verdi or Wagner, and why?

ANTHONY S.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Is it proper to give Christmas presents in the family when there has been a recent death among us? A. C. R.

Unlucky Stenographers.

I do not know of any class of persons who are suffering more from the depression in the business conditions of New York City than the stenographers. The typewriter offices and agencies are crowded to the doors with men and women out of employment. I know of young women who are highly intelligent, who understand several languages

and have had years of business training, who are almost at starvation's door. They have their room rent to pay and their board bills to meet, and are down to their last penny, and having sold everything of value they possessed to try to live respectably.

Men advertise for stenographers of intelligence, experience and a hundred and one qualities and offer \$3 or \$10 per week to such. There are women of ability who are so hard pressed to make a living that they will accept such a position, and although one cannot but sympathize with them, they are making it all the harder for the stenographers who try to keep up the prices to get their worth.

A. S.

Are Indians "Lost Tribes"?

To the Editor of The Evening World:
 I would like to hear of readers discuss the following: "Were the American Indians a lost tribe of Israel, and what proofs can be shown?" W. S.

Navy Dept., Washington, D. C.

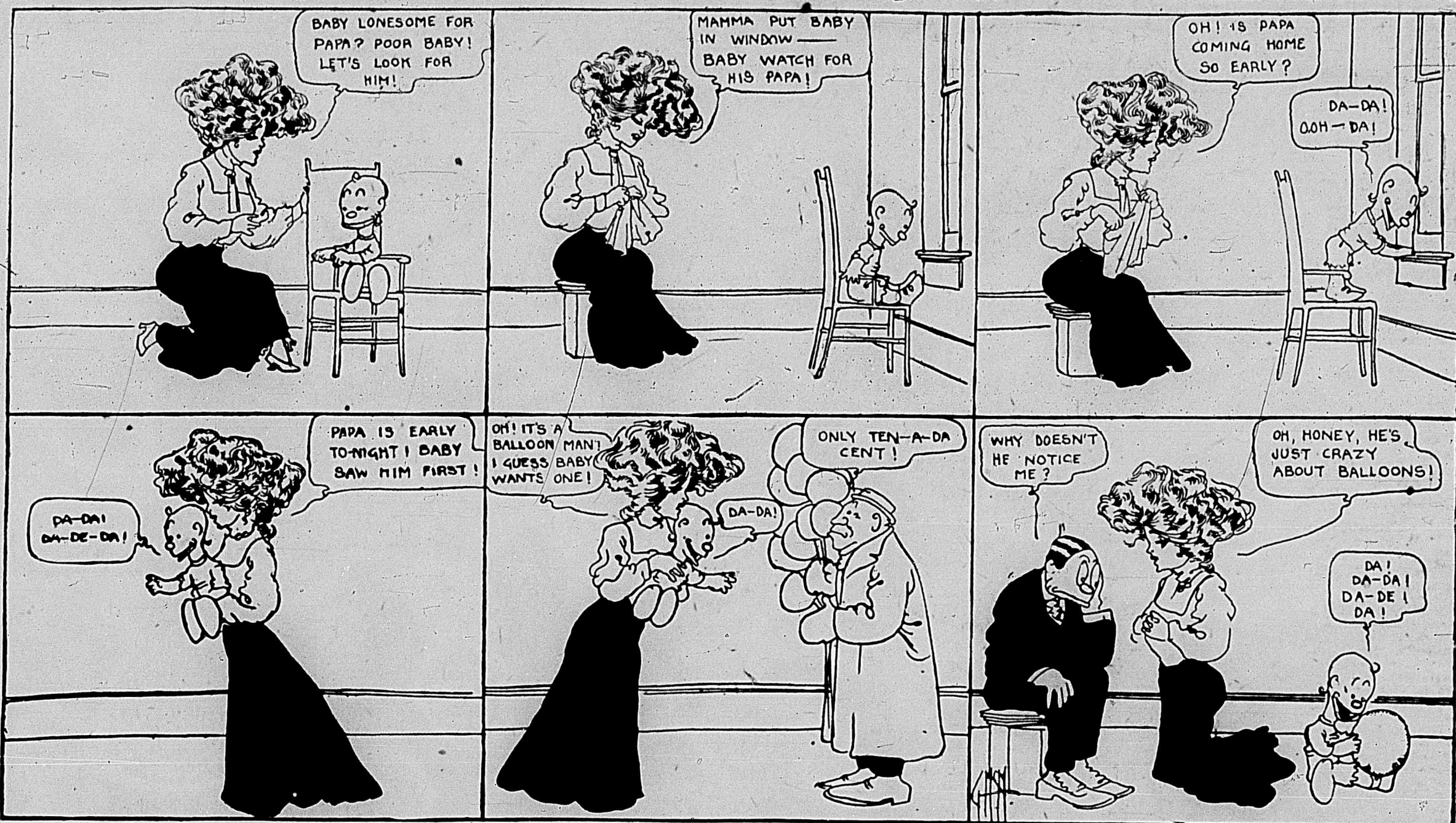
To the Editor of The Evening World:

Where can I find out vacant positions for a boy on the ships of the United States Navy? ARTHUR.

"One Man in the Cab."

To the Editor of The Evening World:
 The elevated road has but one man at the head end of each train. If this man was to drop dead suddenly, or something happened to him which would cause a wreck and perhaps the killing of many persons, the public would be at a loss as to who was to blame. At least one regular railroad is running electric trains. And still the trolley and engineer are at the head, the same as on the old steam engines. Why not on the "L"?

The Newlyweds Their Baby By George McManus



For Further Adventures of "The Newlyweds, Their Baby," See Sunday World, Comic Section.

★ The Best Fun of the Day by Evening World Humorists ★

The Chorus Girl.

By Roy L. McCardell.

"I QUOTE the snare will be crowded to-morrow night," said the Chorus Girl. "A lot of people we used to know has been calling us up on the telephone and asking, 'Be home Sunday night?'"

"Sure we'll be home. Where else is there to go?"

"I knowed it would be this way. I had a little singing turn that was gentle and refined, just the thing for sacred choruses—'Top of the Morning,' 'Honeyboy' and 'Put Me Among the Girls'—but what they wanted was Ebb Thompson's 'Elephants' or 'The Rough-house Comedy Four,' and them sort of turns used to shock guys with delicate sensibilities, especially if they was lit up a little, when they seen them on the bills on Sunday nights."

"You take moral and refined people and let them be pickled a little bit, and they are more moral and refined than ever. They liked at such acts at a sacred Sunday concert, and that's what brought about making all the Sunday shows dark to-morrow night."

"George the Wine Agent, who is engaged to Amy De Branscombe, says he never seen hard times yet but what it wasn't either preceded or followed by a moral wave. When temperance laws went into effect in the South-

ern States, George said he knew how it would be, and here, you see, they are closing all the Sunday shows along them same lines."

"Mamma De Branscombe says that as she grows old she gets so wise it worries her. She sees now how she could have did things different. Life is a vale of bunk, Mamma De Branscombe says, and after you find it out it's too late; you don't get no more chances."

"Now comes the hard times and the reform wave and the Sunday closing, and George, the Wine Agent, so peevish it she asks him to send a case of quarts up to the flat with the compliments of his firm, and her having lost all ambition for bottle beer because, after she's been used to wine, it don't give her no action, that she says she'd like to retire from the world, but she don't know whether it would be best for her to take the veil or go to a sanitarium."

"She just imposes on Dopey McNight something terrible, and when we had a light fall of snow early in the week she tells him to take the broom and brush it off the pavement in front of the flat, when that was the janitor's work, mind you! And when poor Dopey can't find no broom and he tackles the snow with a carpet sweeper, she flies into a rage, and the things she says to Dopey gets to him so strong that he hasn't the heart to smoke a cigarette or play the piano or be his own natural self until he jumps her up and apologizes to her for what she's said to him."

"Mike, the Strike Breaker, who is keeping company with Puss Montgomery, is thinking of going to Goldfield, where there is something doing in his line. Puss knows that she can't find a fiancée as liberal as her strike-breaking gentleman friend these hard times, and all these things make us wish again for happy days."

To-Morrow. By Maurice Ketten.



"When Dopey McNight heard that all the theatres and shows would have to close up tight Sunday he just set down and thought up a way to get around it, all out of his own head."

"Dopey's idea is for all the theatres to get Raines Law licenses and serve a sandwich with every song and dance."

"There's a law against peddling a powder, or vending hope and wood alcohol fresh from the wood on Sundays, ain't there? Dopey asks, but ain't it all squared if you have a Raines Law license and a troop of trained sandwiches?"

"There is lots of ways, Dopey says, to keep open the theatres on Sunday or after hours, just like the plunges is kept open."

"Let 'em close up in front, says Dopey, with the windows open, showing nobody in the box-office but the man cleaning up, but let the theatres have side doors, just like the powder mills on the corners have had for years."

"The side door, or family entrances, to the theatres that is opened on Sunday can be on the chain, Dopey says, and the manager himself can be on the door and let no one in unless he knows 'em."

"Not only tickets bought from speculators could be refused at the side door or family entrances on Sunday, Dopey says, but if it was any of Bingham's hostiles with war paint on, or plain clothes men, or even a suspect, the boss could say, 'Nothing doing, boy! We're only cleaning up.'"

"Of course, Dopey says, all the acts under them 'circumstances would be dumb acts, juggling, acrobatic, animal acts, or moving pictures, and patrons would have to keep quiet, but if the powder mills can sell on Sunday when it's against the law, simply by having side doors and sandwiches, why can't the theatres do the same?"

"Mamma De Branscombe says she thinks it a grand idea, and she hopes Dopey will get a lot of money for it, and that nobody will take it away from him—the money she means—till she can get her hands on it."

"But Louis Zinsheimer, who is the ally kid, says that nobody buys ideas, they steal 'em."

"So if you see in the papers any mention of Raines Law Theatres or Sunday shows with sandwiches you'll know it was poor Dopey's idea, and that it was twined away from him just like Gagger and Shine tricked his words and music of 'Them Cruel Words I Got For You.'"

"For the best people in this town has heard Dopey play it in all the dumps years and years before Gagger and Shine copyrighted it in their names and maced him out of his royalties."

"Say, do you know where I can get a check cashed?"

Boarding-House Fables.

By Joseph A. Flynn.

"THE question, should lovely women smoke or not, seems to have caused quite a discussion in this city," I remarked to Tess at breakfast this morning, at the same time capturing the last blaud on the plate.

"It's easily seen, like a good many more stillwater Johns, you pick out other things in the paper besides the dope sheet," she replied, raising her eyes to the normal, and the lady of the house quitted the room to superintend the adding of a few extra beans to the coffee. "There's a whole lot in the papers now-a-days about the right of foolish Henriettas to hit coffin nails in public, but, like the song and dance you hear Mrs. Starve-on handing up the cook out among the pans because she forgot herself yesterday and slipped an extra slice of meat into the stew, it wasn't amount to much."

"Old Kill M. Off, across the street, who collars five a visit, says smoking soothes the nerves and helps digestion; but his wife says he's always there with the jolly, and the old lady says not to pay much attention to him, because she has a long remembrance for the time when he first camped here with his shaggy, wearing a celluloid collar, and would take anything for his fee, from a wooden nickel to a tip on the ponies."

"Now, if smoking, like a bunch of ha-ha's, helps digestion and soothes the nerves, why shouldn't we girls be allowed to puff away? Lizzie says in this age we're supposed to be on the same floor with the Johns, but all we get out of it is a good suppage."

"Now, don't think I've got a long wish to blow rings, I haven't. Once was enough for simple Tessie. I had hardly said tra-la to Mr. Measles as a giddy when one day the Angel kid peri door made a couple of cigars out of some smoking beans, and we both sat down under a tree up the road and pulled away like sailors. Before I knew it my poor, little golden mop was doing the loop-the-loop act on the top of my neck and my poor little tongue was working overtime for mamma. I haven't looked a smoke in the face since."

"If the ladies want to smoke let them. They'll soon get over it, but give them a show. If a John comes along the street with a blaring bunch of seaweed between his lips, leaving a scent two blocks behind like the sweet perfume from a burning rope factory, nobody says a word, but if I went out on the avenue just now puffing away at the best coffin nail money could buy I'd soon be getting a free ride in the hurry-up wagon."

"You misapprehend the motives of our sex," I here interrupted by way of enlightenment. "In endeavoring to prevent the ladies from smoking we do not seek to mar their pleasures, but have only their welfare at heart, knowing full well the disastrous effects of tobacco on the human system, and then again, reputable physicians, men who know, inform us that smoking eventually leads to drinking."

"Well, I don't take much stock in doctors, anyway," she replied, absently helping me to another fried egg, while the rest of the boarders looked on in amusement. "They may be right at that, but there's a whole lot of people around here who don't smoke that you or nobody else would have a lead to smoke."